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The Angels' Song.

BY H. A. HOLDEN, '91.

What sing the angel choirs above,
As onward roll the countless years,
In that vast Universe of Love?
What are their hopes and what their fears?
What pleasure can there be to praise
One Being—though the greatest Good—
Why should they *glorify* always?

This was the question, and the answer came,
A faint, sweet echo sounding from afar,
Like music of a long-forgotten dream.

"All glory to Our Lord, the Highest King!
He is our Hope; His angels know no fear;
His Presence is our Light, our Bliss, our All;
To love and praise and sing His mercy is
Our food divine that gives eternal life."

CHORUS.

Sing, ever sing His mercies all
Ye sons of men and Heaven's choirs.
We'll sing His praise—our hearts' desires—
Till Time is not—till earth shall fall.

Sing, ever sing His goodness, love,
Who left His starry throne on high,
An Exile from His home above,
To save a fallen race and die.

Sing, ever sing, and Him adore,
Sweet Fount of Grace to cleanse all sin;
And earth, and time, Who was before,
Who saw eternity begin.

How Shakspeare Observes the Unities.

BY T. A. CRUMLEY, '91.

Nothing will aid the student of English literature more than a careful survey of Shakspeare's plays. They have been, and are now, an interesting subject of discussion among the great literary men of England, Germany, France and

Spain. To such an extent have the *littérateurs* of other countries studied the works of England's great dramatist that they seem to have laid a claim to him. And well they may; for Shakspeare is not England's poet—he belongs to the world. He does not tell us how men acted in his own country; he pictures human nature as it is the world over. *Claudius, Gertrude, Ophelia, Polonius, Laertes*, are human types. Just such frail, timid, sly, unmanly characters are found in every-day life. Shakspeare's universality is what makes him famous.

The Greek dramatists were known by their adherence to form. This form was given by the unities of time, place and action. It must not be understood that even the Grecians regarded the unities in their strictest sense. However, none but they have succeeded in observing them with much nicety. The French dramatists tried, but failed. Neither Plautus nor Goethe has succeeded. An unswerving constancy by any but a Greek would cause certain indefinable stiffness.

Shakspeare sacrifices form to color. He allows his characters, as it were, to do as they wish, yet with limit. He is a gentle father who is "cruel only to be kind." Time to him is only a means of increasing the interest; place helps the argument; action is all in all.

The unity of time was least regarded by Shakspeare. In fact, according to the Greek law it was not observed at all. No lapse of time longer than one day could take place during the performance of the Greeks. "Tragedy," says Aristotle, "endeavors as much as possible to restrict itself to a single revolution of the sun." So distorted are Shakspeare's plays in this regard that no accuracy can be attained. It is certain that the unity does not exist; the rest remains a subject of dispute.

Shakspeare regards the unity of place not with accuracy, but with much elegance. In the classic drama the action could be changed from place to place only when the time allowed for the performance might naturally permit of it. Thus, if the play lasted five hours the scene should not be shifted to a place six hours distant. I venture to say, though, that this rule was not always observed by Æschylus and Sophocles. The poets of the Elizabethan age did not properly recognize the unity. But this license, far from injuring the drama, seems to have bettered it. What was lost in form was made up by deeper feeling. It allowed the poet liberty; and, like birds, these sweet singers wanted freedom. Pure air, blue sky and the warm sun have prompted the most harmonious of songs. Homer was not fettered by rules. Chaucer's wings in form were not perfect, but they carried him far from the sight of common men. And so with Shakspeare: he gave loose rein to his heavenward flights and brought to earth his immortal poems. It is hard to believe that without these licenses Shakspeare's dramas would be what they are.

The dramatists of the Elizabethan period observed the unity of place to a great extent. In "Hamlet" the scene never changes from the town of Elsinore. The action is either in the castle, at *Polonius'* house, on the ramparts, or in the graveyard. Venice and the house of *Portia* witness the doings of *Shylock* and *Antonio*. In none of Shakspeare's plays is there a very marked change in the scenes. The performance goes on smoothly and naturally. We can hardly say that Shakspeare abuses the Grecian rule; for by not observing it he has embellished the drama.

The unity of action is the gift of a dramatist. It is this that tests a play. The failure of many play-writers is owing to their inability to preserve this all-important unity. This age has not produced a great dramatist. There are poets, but men who can command a proper treatment of the unity are wanting. This consists in maintaining the action without lagging. The whole drama is an extended climax. Mr. Furness gives a very good synopsis in the following sentence:

"The introduction is done in the first act; in the second the storm gathers; in the third the storm bursts; it subsides in the fourth, and in the fifth we have the wreck-strewn beach."

The interest must always be kept alive. For instance—using the above figure—if while one is describing the most exciting incident in a fearful storm he stops suddenly and tells about

some cock-fight he had seen the night before, it would tend to retract much from the excellence of the sketch. And thus it is with the dramatist. The shortest scene that allows the listener to lean back and yawn cancels the impression made before, and makes the play a failure. Shakspeare never errs in this way. It is claimed, however, that he does; but we must consider that this unity consists in exciting and holding attention.

It is said that the "grave-digger" scene in "Hamlet" is tiresome. But by this the poet finds an excuse for the young prince to wait for the funeral. True it is that sometimes the humorous scenes of Shakspeare are irksome; but let it be remembered that he wrote for the many. The rabble had to be pleased or New Place would never be his. The introduction of clowns expresses, like all comedy, the manners of the times. If Shakspeare had let *Lear* go about without his faithful fool the play would have lost much.

All the defects of the age must be weighed. Shakspeare often uses grammar bad according to modern rules; but who would call him ignorant of the rules of speech? "Hamlet" could not be bettered by the removal of the weakest speech. True, the "Merchant of Venice" could be performed without the scenes between *Jessica* and her lover; but how much more does this enhance all that is beautiful in the play. Action is preserved whole and without blemish in the dramas of Shakspeare.

If Shakspeare's failure to observe the Greek unities of time and place has helped to give us his wonderful plays, then, may we congratulate ourselves on his neglect. Compare them with the stunted work of the French classic imitators. We need not read the newspapers to find out what men are doing: read the plays of Shakspeare. The crimes of the passions, the nobility of virtue, the follies of humanity, are there portrayed with all their living reality. There are very few men walking the streets of our cities whose likeness cannot be found in his works. And then, the elegance of his language—but I cannot stop to speak of this. Let us change the aphorism, "See Naples and then die," into "Read Shakspeare and live!"

Before a Storm.

There, overhead, hung a black cloud,
As o'er the dead foldeth a shroud,
And on that place fell big drops, slow,
As on calmed face fall tears of woe.

T. G. LA MOILLE.

Milton.

BY C. A. PAQUETTE, '90.

The *Renaissance* had revived art and letters; England had not escaped the Italian influence when there was given to the world one of the greatest minds and one of the most illustrious men of letters that have ever lived. John Milton was born December, 1608, on Bread street Cheapside. During his boyhood, he attended St. Paul's school, London, and at the same time his father engaged for him a private tutor at home. It is to this same tutor, Thomas Young, that he addresses his fourth elegy, written in 1636, when he was at Hamburg. In it he credits him with having first infused into him a taste for classics and literature.

Milton from his early youth wrote verse; his sole ambition was to be a great poet with the ultimate view of writing a great epic. When he was still at St. Paul's school he began by writing a paraphrase of the Psalms. At school he was noted for his eagerness to acquire knowledge, and, according to his own account, he rarely retired before midnight, so engrossed was he with his studies. At sixteen he was ready for college, and accordingly, was admitted as a pensioner at Cambridge in 1625. Notwithstanding Milton's love for books and study he was very much dissatisfied with life at Cambridge. He could not bear, he said, to be called at all hours of the day to attend lectures; loudly did he complain, and frequently did he break the rules, until at last there came a day of retribution. The man who wrote "Paradise Lost," the sublime, the immortal John Milton was *flogged*! Soon after this, on account of some other difficulty in which he found himself, he was "rusticated." In due time, however, he returned and received his degree of A. B., and later on that of A. M. was conferred on him. Had he desired it, he could have obtained a fellowship; but his father's circumstances were not such as to render a fellowship a pecuniary necessity to the son, and the charm of college life having been dispelled by his seven years' experience, he decided to decline. In this decision he was influenced by the fact that a fellowship required orders in the Church. Milton's father had intended him for the ministry, and it was with this object in view that he had sent him to college; but by the time he left Cambridge at the age of twenty-four, it was evident to both that the younger Milton was not called to a clerical life.

On leaving college, Milton retired to his father's house in the country, and spent five years more in self-education. These, in addition to his seven years of academical life, were but a part of the time he spent in the development of the projects he had formed. His country residence was in the pleasant little village of Horton, about seventeen miles from the London of his time. Tranquillity of mind, brought on by solitude and unbroken leisure, was well adapted to his purpose, and surely, never did poet begin his career under more favorable influences. To an enquiring friend concerning his seeming vacillation and his future intentions, he writes:

"What am I thinking about? Why, with God's help, of immortality! Yes, I am pluming my wings for a flight."

Milton did not consider knowledge, or even virtue, for their own sakes, but merely as means to attain a certain end. So he sought after knowledge, not from the instinct of learning, but merely to assist him in his profession as a poet. But besides knowledge and virtue there is another constituent of the poetical nature, and this is religion. For it is directly from God that the true poet's thoughts come; and that Milton was a man of piety, no one, not even his enemies, ever denied.

Notwithstanding his many noble qualities, Milton's character teems with incongruities. His poems breathe tenderness and forgiveness, while he himself is harsh and vindictive; but this, it seems, was the influence of the times. In "Paradise Lost" Milton pictures Eve with a loveliness that entrances one; in fact, in all his poems he treats women characters in the same charming manner; yet when he comes to the practical matter-of-fact life, woman is to him nothing more than the drudge of her noble lord and master. She has no soul, is not endowed with intellect; but he soon found that she was endowed with free-will. Such profound contempt has he for woman that he openly favors polygamy.

It is said that the greatness of a poet can be estimated by the veneration that he has for womanhood; but Milton is obviously an exception. The only explanation that suggests itself is that in his description of Eve he paints his *beau-ideal*; and such was the fall from her to the women of his own period that he could not give himself over to any other opinion. But a poet, a very great poet, Milton certainly was, and here it is not so much the man, but the poet whom we consider.

The life of Milton is divided into three periods—a drama in three acts. The expression of the first period at his peaceful home in Horton is

found in "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso" and "Lycidas." The second act discovers him engaged in political strife, and, through his prose pamphlets, breathing party and religious opinions. The third, last and greatest period of his life is when, blind, destitute, and friendless, he gave utterance to those three grand monuments of the English language: "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes."

Before writing "L'Allegro," he had written several odes. First there appeared the "Ode on the Nativity," written in 1629, and this was followed by the "Ode on the Passion." During the first period he also wrote "Comus" and "Arcades." "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are companion-pieces, and both of them are a foretaste of Milton's grandeur. In them all rural sights and sounds are blended in that ineffable combination which is peculiarly Miltonic. They breathe of the free air of fields and woodland about Horton. But though Milton is a poet, he is no scientist—not even a close observer of nature. His learning is taken from books; he obtains none from the great volume of Nature. Some critics say that these two poems, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are masterpieces of description. In "L'Allegro," speaking of the lark, he says:

"Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window wish good-morrow."

Did anyone ever see a lark approach so close to human habitation? Again, in the next line, he speaks of the "twisted eglantine." Now, the eglantine is not twisted, it is an upright shrub. In "Paradise Lost" he speaks of the pine as "rooted deep as high"; while, on the contrary, it spreads its roots along the surface. Milton possesses sublimity and grandeur, but he never had that sense of out-door Nature that so characterizes Shelley or Keats. Nature to Milton is a something subordinate to man—a means of exciting him to loftier emotions. It is a noticeable fact that the gay airiness which plays about the poems of the first period never appeared in any of his later poems.

Milton was acquainted with Lawes, at that time the most celebrated musical composer in England. When, in 1634, the Earl of Bridgewater wished to celebrate his entry to his office as President of Wales, application was made to Lawes to furnish music. Lawes applied to his young poetical friend to write the words. The entertainment was of that sort fashionable at the court of that period, called the Mask. As a result Milton wrote "Comus"; he obtained his plot, a slight one, from a Latin *extravaganza*; but though the occasion was unpromising, it is

said that Milton drew from it such a bit of poetry as never before was heard in England.

"Lycidas" appeared in 1637, and in it the Miltonic genius approaches the culminating point. This poem was written on the death of his friend, Edward King. While reading it one can hardly help noticing the vein of sternness and resolution which permeates each line of it. "Lycidas" concludes with the words:

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

Milton never fulfilled his promise; for with this poem passed away his lightness of touch and whatever little mirth he possessed.

In 1638 Milton made the journey to Italy. Struck by the peculiar beauty of Italian poetry and captivated by the spirit of Dante, Tasso, and Petrarch, he felt himself irresistibly drawn across the Alps. The most of his time he spent in perfecting himself in the Italian language; but though he wished to include Greece in his tour, the political state of affairs compelled him to give up his project. Speaking of the subject later on, he says: "I considered it dishonorable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign parts, while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." Consequently in August, 1639, he again landed in England. He had been absent a little over a year, but the aspect of political affairs, dark and ominous, bespoke a coming storm. From this time until 1660 his literary occupations were confined to pamphlets on the condition of public affairs.

In 1649 he was offered the Latin Secretaryship. This he accepted, but better far would it have been both for his genius and his fame had he declined. His genius might have reverted to the proper course while still in the flower of his manhood blessed with eyesight and with his spirit in a state of exultation by the triumph of a good cause. His fame would have been untarnished by the slanders of the faction which he fought, and he would have been saved from the degrading incidents of the contention with Salmasius and Morus.

The Restoration of 1660—a sudden and complete reversion of the opposing parties—as a matter of course, caused the removal of Milton from his Secretaryship; but he had chosen the leadership of one party, and now he accepted the consequences. Milton had by this time become blind, and now for political offences he was obliged to forfeit three-fourths of his moderate fortune. Thus from easy circumstances he was reduced to poverty. Milton was now obliged to devote his energies towards literary work from pecuniary necessity; so after continuous labor he finished "Paradise Lost" in 1663,

but much re-writing and polishing was still to be given to it. In 1665 it appeared for the first time in a complete state; it was not, however, until two years later that it was published. Having completed the work, Milton put it in the hands of the critic Ellwood, that he might pass judgment on it; and returning it, the Quaker asked: "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" Milton afterward said that this casual question suggested the idea of "Paradise Regained." This poem was published in 1671. In it Milton adopts a severer style than in any previous work. He curbs, almost suppresses, his imagination. The usual explanation of this frigidity, and the most natural one, is that it is the effect of old age.

"Paradise Regained" is nothing more than a paraphrase of the Temptation as recorded in the Bible. It is, however, a marvel of ingenuity; for out of about fifteen lines, he has constructed over two thousand, all bearing on the same idea.

Milton's idea of the treatment of a biblical subject is that it should be put in the simplest manner possible. Poetry, he had said long before, should be "simple, sensuous, impassioned." Nothing enhances passion like simplicity, and Milton has carried his simplicity to the verge of nakedness. He said: "In matters of religion he is learnedest who is plainest,"

There are some pieces of music that can be fully appreciated only by those who are musicians; and we find an analogous case in "Paradise Regained"; it calls little or no favorable comment from the average reader, but all literary men unite in praising it. Johnson says: "If it had been written by other than Milton, it would have received universal praise." Wordsworth thought it "the most perfect in execution of anything written by Milton," and Coleridge reiterates this statement.

There is another poem of Milton's—the last that he wrote—"Samson Agonistes." It was published in 1671, but attracted very little attention. As a tragedy it is of no value whatever; but when one considers it as a piece of contemporaneous history, it is transformed into the record of a heroic soul, not disheartened by passing adversities, but dragged down to ruin by the irresistible chains of fate, yet meeting its doom bravely, conscious of the righteousness of the cause. This poem, which is intended to represent the wreck of Milton and his party, is supplied with the basis of fact which was necessary to inspire him to write. The resemblance lies, not in the bare event itself, but in the situation and in the sentiment; for the incidents

of Samson's life do not form a parallel to those of Milton's. Everything in the poem relates to the downfall of his party, and it admits of no misinterpretation of the reader of his day. With "Samson Agonistes" end Milton's literary efforts. This probably was his intention, for he says:

"I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat; nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them at rest."

Milton writes as one who wishes to make a revelation of the truth in which he implicitly believes. Some may object to this on the grounds of his employment of ancient pagan mythology. At that time this was the fashion in literature, the standard by which merit was estimated. De Quincey says that to Milton the personages of the heathen Pantheon were not merely fiction, they were his evil spirits. Although in the last poems the careful observer can detect the sources of Milton's power drying up, yet their grandeur and sublimity effectually deter us from depreciating them. So sublime are they that the name of the poet is identified with the quality. The more vast and terrible a theme, the greater attraction does it possess for him. Few men read Milton; but it is not the number of readers that measures the appreciation of a poet. "Paradise Lost" has been more admired than read, fulfilling the poet's wish, that he should find "fit audience, though few."

Great as is the genius of Milton, we do not find in him the invention of Shakspeare; he is not so capable of adapting himself to the caprice of the moment; but if we were to ask one of the *litterati* to class these two men among the English writers, the universal answer would be: "Shakspeare first and Milton next." Shakspeare can be light-hearted, gay, witty, or serious, just as the occasion demands; but Milton was of a solemn cast. In "Paradise Lost" he regards himself not as an author, but as the mouth-piece of the heavenly muse who visits him nightly,

"And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse."

But Milton, it seems, did not always depend on "the heavenly muse" for his inspirations, for here and there, more especially in "Paradise Lost," one can detect thoughts, even lines, from the old Latin and Greek authors. Without attempting to vindicate Milton, let it be remembered that whatever he borrowed he had a way of making his own; he projected his own nature into the words he adopted.

As a lyrist, with a vast poetic mind, he produced almost perfect odes; as an epic-writer he consecrates poetry to religion and duty. When reading Milton we cannot expect the calm, peaceful lake, but rather the tempestuous sea, dark and threatening; we see the full mind which in the inspiration of the moment pours forth thoughts and images which dazzle the eye with their brilliancy. Then do we realize the truth with the poet Dryden when he says:

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To make a third, she joined the other two."

Stonewall Jackson.

BY E. C. PRUDHOMME, '91.

As the mother of great men, Virginia, enjoys the highest distinction among all the states of the Union. From her have gone forth distinguished men who by their genius, their patriotism, and the splendor of their achievements have, in different eras of the past, shed lustre on their native state; and among them stands pre-eminently General Jackson.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born January 21, 1824, in Clarksburg, Virginia. His father, Jonathan Jackson, practised law in the immediate vicinity of that city, and became very widely known and distinguished. He was unfortunate in going security for several friends, in consequence of which act his property was soon swept away, and at his death, in 1727, he left four children—two sons and two daughters—penniless.

Thomas, the subject of this sketch, who was at that time but three years old, and the youngest of the family, was thus left upon the very threshold of life to learn the lessons of poverty. He was taught by friends and relatives to turn his attention from the frivolous pursuits of youth to the more ennobling aims of life. Assistance was rendered him from all sides in his youthful struggles, and, together with his manly principles, industrious character and intelligence, he carved out his own pathway in life, and fitted himself for that career in which he attained to such distinction.

At the age of seventeen young Jackson set out on foot for Washington to secure, if possible, an appointment as Cadet at West Point. Aided by a few political friends, his hopes were soon crowned with success, and he immediately

entered upon his studies in 1842. Four years later he graduated with honor and distinction, and was ordered to Mexico to serve under the command of General Taylor, brevetted as Second Lieutenant. It could be easily discerned that the young man's inclinations pointed early towards arms as a profession. During his two years' military career in Mexico, he was on several occasions honored by being promoted to higher offices, and was one of the most promising young officers of the army. The following words describe to perfection Jackson's conduct:

"But few records of the brief career of the young soldier in Mexico remain tending to throw any light upon his personal character—that unique individuality which has since attracted to him the eyes of the whole world."

Owing to the climate, his health became impaired, and he was obliged to resign his commission, in 1852, and return to Virginia. He obtained a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute, and remained there, performing his duties with honor and self-reliance until the breaking out of the late Civil War.

In 1861, he was appointed Colonel, and took command of the small "army of observation" stationed at Harper's Ferry. A few weeks later he was replaced by General Joseph E. Johnston, serving under him as leader of the Infantry force. With but little difficulty he succeeded in infusing into the youths of whom he was in command that stern courage, unyielding fortitude and unshrinking nerve that he possessed. It was on the twenty-first day of July, of the same year, at the fierce battle of Manassas, that Jackson made himself conspicuous as a commander. It was here he was to display those heroic qualities which characterized him, and to win the sobriquet of "Stonewall Jackson."

At this battle Jackson was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, rallying and cheering on his men. The Northern army was fast gaining on the Southerners, when in the crisis of the fight, the heroic General Bernard E. Bee, rallying his brigade and pointing towards Jackson, said: "See, there is Jackson standing like a stonewall, rallying on the Virginians!" His brave troops seemed to gather new inspiration from those words, and the broken ranks rallied, charged upon the enemy, and in a short time gained the victory. General Bee fell mortally wounded in the encounter; but he had "baptized Jackson amid blood and fire" with a name with which he is forever inseparably identified, and one well deserved.

After the terrific battle of Manassas, Jackson bade farewell to his troops, and in command of a brigade set out on a winter expedition to

Romney. He fought in numerous battles and on each occasion gained new laurels. The war continued on with vehement fury.

On Friday, June 27, 1862, at the battle of Malvern Hill, Generals Lee and Jackson met for the first time. There soon sprang up between them a respect and friendship that was enduring. With two such generals the Confederate army was ever hopeful, promising and had much confidence. The former gave his orders, the latter executed them, fighting the enemy at all times with the science of a great soldier.

During the great battle of Chancellorsville, Lee's "right bower," as he was termed, lost his life. The enemy being routed, he and a small party rode forward to reconnoitre, when on their return the little body of horsemen was mistaken for the Federal Cavalry and a volley was poured into them by Lane's brigade with the most lamentable results. Several of the General's staff were wounded and killed, and he himself received three severe wounds. Suffering considerably from loss of blood, he was at times very weak, and lingered a few days at Wilderness Run, faint and motionless. He remained in this condition for several days, and died on the 10th of May, 1863.

When the news of his death reached General Lee, the soul of the great commander was moved to its depths; no longer could he conceal his emotions or control his anguish. He, above all others, could describe Jackson's ability as a soldier and a man. The whole nation mourned his death—he whose undying energies, "perched the banner of victory whenever he delivered battle." The effect produced by the death of Stonewall Jackson will live forever in the memories of the Southern people, as in every heart. Well may it be said that "the poet paints the happiness of his hero

'dying in the arms of victory;'

but the lot of Jackson, the patriot, the hero, was far better. He fell asleep—with the

'Everlasting arms beneath him,'—

in the assurance of a blessed immortality."

Science, Literature and Art.

—The prices of camphor and gum promise to rise. The German government is making gigantic purchases of these articles for the manufacture of smokeless powder.

—The "Beethoven House Society" of Bonn has come into possession of Beethoven's last piano. It was made by Conrad Graff of Vienna. Because of Beethoven's deafness it had four strings to each key instead of three.

—There are 686 periodical publications in Russia. Seventy-eight of them are political and news dailies, 109 are scientific, 86 religious, 15 artistic, 33 agricultural, 82 statistical and bibliographical, 15 pedagogic, 13 for children and the rest miscellaneous.

—The library of Sir John Harnage, soon to be sold in London, contains an interesting collection relating to the first Napoleon. There are upward of 250 volumes, dating from 1798 to 1855, including memoirs of all kinds both of the emperor and of the men who made up his circle. There are memoirs of his court and some of those fine picture-books which made the art of the first empire notable. "If the English do not secure the set," says the *London World*, "the Americans will."

—"An Unknown Poem in Imitation of Dante," is the title of a publication edited by Signor M. Cornacchia and F. Pellegrini, says the *Transatlantic*. The poem in question is preserved in two MSS., one in the Biblioteca Universitaria of Bologna, the other in the Magliabecchiana of Florence. It certainly dates from the fourteenth century, and treats of vices and virtues. It is composed of 101 chapters in *terza rima*, divided into three canticles, and is an interesting addition to the series of Dantesque imitations in Italian literature.

—Paul du Chaillu differs with many leading historians as to the social condition of the Vikings, the direct ancestors of the English-speaking people, whom he believes to have been well civilized. He insists that "the people who were then spread over a great part of the present Russia, who overran Germania, who knew the art of writing, who led their conquering hosts to Spain, into the Mediterranean, to Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Black Sea, Palestine, Africa, and even crossed the broad Atlantic to America, who were undisputed masters of the sea for more than twelve centuries, were not barbarians."

—The Boston correspondent of the *Book Buyer* quotes an amusing letter sent by Mr. Aldrick to Prof. E. S. Morse, the accomplished ex-President of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science. Prof. Morse, it should be said, had a handwriting quite indescribable in illegibility:

"MY DEAR MR. MORSE:—It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think that I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and a perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning: 'There's that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that haven't any eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.

"Admirably yours,

"T. B. ALBRICH."

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-THIRD year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

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Isabella of Castile.*

The subject uppermost in the minds of the people of this country at the present time is the due celebration, two years hence, of the quadro-centennial of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. And while all minds and hearts are fixed upon the saintly hero, through whose learning, zeal and piety that great feat of exploration, which revolutionized the world's history, was accomplished, it is fitting that a tribute should be paid to her who was his patron and friend, and through whose enterprise and devotion the great discoverer was enabled to carry on his undertaking. So thought the Queen Isabella Association of Chicago, in forming the design of an "Isabella Pavilion" at the World's Fair—wherever it will be held—with a statue of the Queen executed in the highest style of art, and an appropriate literary monument to her memory. And they have drawn

* ISABELLA OF CASTILE, 1492-1892. By Eliza Allen Starr. Chicago: C. V. Waite & Company. 1889.

and will continue to draw to them in their movement the practical sympathy of all right-minded people.

The literary part of the design is now completed and placed before the public. Fortunately for the end in view, the work was entrusted to one whose gifted mind and noble heart guaranteed its successful accomplishment—one who has already done so much for Christian literature and art in this our land—one whose name is familiar as a household word in the hearts of her countrymen—Miss Eliza Allen Starr. Her work is indeed a gem from the pages of history—an artistically written story of Queen Isabella, the patron of Columbus.

In the preface to her work the author says:

"No apology, then, can be called for by the historian, when he sees Isabella detached from his exhaustive volumes of contemporaneous history, and standing forth in her marvellous beauty to the eyes of the unlettered as well as the learned; to hold her place in the heart of the world like a Judith or an Esther; supplying to the artist an ideal of such nobleness and benignity as to captivate the imagination, aggrandize the touch of the sculptor and painter, and bequeathing to the youthful enthusiast a heroine graced with the dignity of the ancient Cornelia or Christian Paula of Rome, with that added charm of a personal association with our very existence as a nation.

"In order, however, to supply any lack which may be felt of certain surroundings that link Isabella to the century which she glorified, we have given in our *Addendum* copious notes, which, we trust, will give such details, and introduce such personages as a youthful reader might need for historic memoranda, without breaking in upon the harmonious outlines we have so studiously kept intact, of the personality of Queen Isabella."

It forms a handsome gilt book of 136 pages with illustrations, two of which are embossed in gold on the covers. It is certain to be accorded a hearty welcome by the student of history and the lover of art and by all who would know the life and character of that noble type of womanhood with whose personality the history of our native land is so largely identified.

Concerning Reading.

Ruskin says that a man might read all the books in the British Museum and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but if he should read ten pages of a good book with real accuracy he would be for evermore in some measure educated.

Of reading many books, as of making them, there is no end; and the giant presses of the civilized world are kept busy to satisfy the demand. But in order to find out what sort of books minister to the voracious appetites of the general public it is only necessary to ascertain the

condition of the volumes in the nearest circulating library. The more worthless novels have been rebound until their contents will warrant it no longer, and the ordinarily sensational works of fiction are in steady demand; but the solid volumes of sterling worth show by their freshness that they are little sought. Then there is a class of books, recent biography or criticism, fascinating travel or the so-called higher types of romantic literature which are devoured with nearly as great avidity as are those which are openly vicious or inane. These find favor with the large and increasing class which would fain be known as "literary."

But although these readers are legion and can talk knowingly of Ibsen and Tolstoi and "Looking Backward" and the latest crazes in theological or theosophical absurdities, the result might be confusing if a simple question should be propounded in regard to the history or pedigree of the words upon any printed page.

This study of words is no slight matter and can easily become a fixed habit; but a habit, happily, which is innocent and which leads one into charming paths frequented with the wisest and sweetest of all who have blessed the world by living in it.

Some one tells of a Chinaman who, being for some reason about to be deprived of society for a season, was asked if he did not wish some books with which to beguile his solitude. "No, I thank you," he answered, civilly; "I have read all the books in the world that are worth reading." This reply was made simply and courteously. He meant just what he said. But who of us would dare to answer as did this presumed benighted disciple of Confucius. We have read well some few books; pored over two or three; hastily scrambled through several hundred, and skimmed, perhaps, as many more. And we expect to keep up this wild career. We watch the publishers' lists of announcements with eager eyes; we think our favorite authors very idle and delinquent because they do not turn out more than two or three books each year, and we scan the horizon of bookdom for fresh sails. Now what if we were to sit down and read one page as Ruskin recommends, getting its true meaning, going to the root of things, finding out how and why these words came into being? It might be dull at first, but it would be a joy at last, and a delight which would only be measured by the years vouchsafed to us.

For instance, suppose that such a disconnected sentence as this should meet our vision: "A maudlin iconoclast and a constable were sauntering toward the window of an auction room

when they met a dunce;" of course this is the veriest nonsense, but will do for an example. Probably most omnivorous readers do not know that the word *maudlin* is a corruption of *Magdalen*, so called because the old masters painted St. Mary Magdalen with eyes suffused with tears; that an *icon* is an image and a *constable* formerly a count of the stable; that a *saunterer* was once a pilgrim, the word being the result of generations of carelessly saying *sainte-terre* (holy land); that a *window* was simply a wind-door; that *auction* is from *auctio*, meaning to increase, as the price of the article sold is augmented, and that the word *dunce* was, by a strange paradox, contributed to our language by holy Duns Scotus, one of the most erudite men of the Middle Ages.

Is it not time to cry a halt in this unseemly chase for novelty, and to make more of the books worth looking at a second and a hundredth time?—time to strive to become, not pedants, not book-worms, not even "literary" in the sense in which the term is misapplied, but persons who understand well a few good books? And then we, perchance, may help our brothers over the rough but pleasant way our own feet have trod, remembering the quaint admonition: "Know not for knowing's sake, but to become a star to men forever."

F. L. S.

A New Departure in Catholic College Discipline.*

Catholic colleges in the United States find themselves confronted by conditions which seem to require a new adjustment of time-honored methods of discipline. The Declaration of Independence, as interpreted in our country, has come to mean that the son is equal to his father, and entitled to a voice in the manner and matter of his instruction and education. Whether this be right or wrong it is *de facto*, and it must be considered by the heads of educational institutions. Who believes that Yale's *prestige* in the annals of base-ball influences the father to send his son there? But who does not know that the son's preference is often for the college which has made the best record in what the French call *le sport*? Of course there are studious young men who want to learn; but they are generally those whom circumstances oblige to take care of themselves. And it is the faculty and apparatus that draw them, not the fame of well-fought base-ball or boat-racing matches; but the young man with a father capable of paying his bills is much influenced by the scores of the year's competition in games.

* From advance sheets of *The Catholic World* for February, 1890.

Similarly, the discipline of any college is considered by him from the point of view of his inclination and tastes. The common dormitory system, by which no student has his own room, but all sleep in large dormitories like patients in the wards of a hospital—a system which the French undergraduate accepts without a protest—is viewed with disfavor by the American Catholic student, and he invariably cherishes the hope that the day will come when he can have a room of his own; and a college which does not offer him this hope cannot expect to have his suffrages after a limited time. Few fathers are unreasonable enough—according to the modern definition of unreasonableness—to send their sons of a certain age to a college some of whose arrangements do not meet with their approbation. The thoughtful father understands very well the advantages of the system of living which obtains in Catholic colleges. He knows very well—perhaps too well—the evils that result from the “boarding-out” system; he knows that young men, free from parental restraints and the influence of public opinion, are not likely to remain without reproach. It is the fashion to hold, with the late school of “muscular Christianity,” that young men generally “come out all right.” But experience has dissipated that myth which the late Rev. Charles Kingsley did so much to make popular.

It is certain that boys from the age of seventeen to twenty-one need restraint—or, rather, restrictive influence; for at that time there seems to be a special league of the world, the flesh, and the devil against them. The world of the college town is too prone to look indulgently on the sins of students, and perhaps to play the part of Falstaff, not without a thought of profit, to their Prince Hal. If everybody concerned would be entirely frank, there is no doubt that residence of students outside college bounds would be condemned.

If your son be serious-minded he will need none of the wisdom of Polonius, and you can trust him in a community of students where the opinions of “the fast set” govern speech, if not action. If not—if he, because of his years and the plasticity of youth, be not proof against the laxity of youthful example—you will find that he will have paid too much for that experience which man is best without.

Public sentiment has begun to swerve towards the conservative system of the Catholic colleges. Even the *prestige* of Yale and Harvard does not now convince fathers that they are the safest places for boys; and there is no doubt that the wise father is beginning to know his own son well enough to wish that some restraint could be applied to him during his collegiate years. A college ought to stand *in loco parentis*. If it seek to divest itself of all responsibility for the morals of its students, it fulfils the lesser part of its mission.

It is time that the Catholic colleges of the country took advantage of the trend of thought-

ful opinion. But they cannot do this until they so modify the dormitory system that young men will not recoil from it. This has been declared to be impossible. If so, the Catholic college will continue to be handicapped; it will continue to be filled with boys who leave its precincts at a time when they should begin serious collegiate work; it will continue to graduate classes small in proportion to the number of students entered on the rolls.

The need of a modification of the dormitory system—admirable as it is for smaller boys—has been forced on the trustees of the University of Notre Dame by the logic of events. It is entirely in place here to cite what they have done as an example of what may be done—indeed, of what *must* be done if Catholic colleges are to be saved from becoming mere preparatory schools for junior students. Their work, when it began to take form, was looked on with forebodings by conservatives who feared that any recognition of modern prejudices against the dormitory system, even for students in senior grades, meant anarchy. Somehow or other, the Western atmosphere fights for the innovator as valiantly as the stars did in an elder time. And what seemed impossible was done in six months. A new building was planned to flank one side of the great lawn and to balance Science Hall. The plan completed, the new edifice began to arise. At the beginning of the school-year of 1888 it was almost ready. A little later it received the name of Sorin Hall—and the impossible had come to pass. It is a fixed fact now.

Sorin Hall is an oblong building, built of white brick of the adjacent country, planned, both for convenience and appearance, in the style of the French renaissance. It contains sixty rooms—twelve feet by fourteen—besides the apartments of the rector and his staff, a chapel, the lecture-room and chambers of the Law department, bath-rooms and a well-equipped reading-room. At present it is not half its proposed size, as seventy-five more rooms will be added, with, it is probable, the lecture-rooms of the English course. From present appearances, it seems as if the additional seventy-five rooms would be all too few, as there are many more deserving applicants for rooms than there are rooms in which to put them.

I mean to emphasize the word *deserving*. Admission to Sorin Hall depends entirely on the merit of the applicant. It is not an assemblage of “parlor boarders” under a new name. No extra fee is demanded. The applicant for a room in Sorin Hall must be of the *élite*, and mere cleverness without corresponding seriousness and good conduct will not gain the coveted honor for him. A desk, chairs, a book-case, a bed and other necessary articles, are provided by the college; the rest of the garnishing of the room is left to the taste of the student. Some of the men in Sorin Hall go in for æsthetic embellishments. *Chacun à son métier*. Here you

find the base-ball gloves quartered, as it were, with a physiological chart, and a microscope nestling among back numbers of the *Scientific American*, all shaded by Turcoman curtains sent by some loving mamma; there is a photograph of Cardinal Newman perched on a volume of Tennyson, and a synopsis of the Cronin case pasted over last month's foot-ball score, while the purest simplicity in the matter of other embellishments reigns.

The rules of order and cleanliness are not more stringent or more scrupulously enforced at West Point than in Sorin Hall. It has a campus of its own and a government of its own, subject, of course, to the government of the University. It was anticipated that the formation of this new community would occasion a certain resentment among the less fortunate Seniors, who naturally—being thorough Americans—would hate an aristocracy of which they were not members. But the exalted Seniors, disarmed enmity by a prudent affability of manner, and, as the "sweet hope" of attaining to a room is so unconcealed among all the Seniors any attempt at the proverbial "sour grapes" act would be conspicuously hollow. The rules that govern Sorin Hall are not many, but they are strictly enforced. As there is a commodious common room, visiting in rooms is not allowed; lights must be out at a fixed time; unseemly noises are prohibited; in a word, every reasonable restriction that can conduce to decorous conduct and the formation of an atmosphere inducing study is insisted on.

Nearly two years have passed since this modification of the dormitory system was attempted. It has had a fair trial. The sixty rooms are filled by sixty gentlemen, whose work in the recitation rooms shows that they have made a distinct gain by their isolation from the more bustling air of the college proper. A man in Sorin Hall has too much respect for his standing to forfeit his privileges. A clandestine visit to town—were it possible—would mean expulsion; and there have been no expulsions. Any interference with the rights of others, if persisted in, would meet the same punishment. The fact that admission to this privilege of the University is dependent on conduct and standing accounts largely for the success of what is no longer an experiment. To have made admission dependent on an increased fee would have crippled it at once, and have put back an advance in the collegiate surroundings of higher students for many years. The *élite*, then, would have been a real aristocracy of money, not a picked group of men promoted for merit. And, if our Catholic colleges are to flourish, merit, not money, must be the ladder of preferment; any snobbishness in this respect would have at once created all those difficulties among the students which the promoters of this new departure in discipline wished most to avoid.

Notre Dame has shown how to draw older students to its lecture rooms; it has made an

audacious experiment which, now that it is so thoroughly successful, seems to have been the only thing that could have been done. All of us who are interested in Catholic education desire, above all things, to see our colleges well filled with those older students who drift to what are called non-sectarian schools, but which are more dangerous to religion and morals than the professedly sectarian schools. In the latter belief in God and respect for the Commandments are at least part of public teaching. I confess that no question, social or political, seems to me more important than this: How shall we keep our own?

We cannot keep our own without higher education; the highest is not too high. We cannot keep our own unless we analyze carefully the causes which keep promising youths from our colleges. These colleges have, as a rule, no endowments and no scholarships; they must depend on the solidity of their teaching and the effectiveness of their discipline; they must form characters as well as fill minds, and they cannot afford to neglect any chance of disarming prejudices against their methods. The modification of the dormitory system is one of the most important steps that can be taken for the disarming of existing prejudices. As an anxious observer of the progress of higher Catholic education—as a student of the method of Catholic colleges—as a man too well experienced in the objections which are made against them,—as a teacher who puts a quiet environment above all things, except morality, in a student's life, I beg leave to call attention to this new departure in discipline at Notre Dame. The success of Sorin Hall marks an epoch and the beginning of a synthesis between traditions and the demands of the present time.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Exchanges.

—A number of college papers professing to be monthly, semi-monthly, or even weekly publications found their way to our sanctum early in the scholastic year, and, although they were enthusiastically welcomed, failed to come again. If these journals do not speedily put in an appearance we shall be compelled to drop them from our exchange list.

—An exchange inquires "whether a large city or a small town offers the more desirable site for a college?" This is one of those questions that are easily asked and seldom answered. A large city would, certainly, be the preferable location for a small institution, but we should choose a town for a university. Most advantages, however, accrue to a college with country surroundings a few miles out of a large city.

—A southern exchange, in an article on "Humor," and speaking of the comedies of Plautus,

says: "His works were all lost." An army of students who have waded through the antiquated forms of "Captivi" and "Trinummus" will be pleased to know this. In the same issue we learn that "The inborn principle in man which determines the lawfulness and unlawfulness of his actions and affections is termed conscience." Evidently the "lawfulness and unlawfulness" of actions exist in their relation to law, and is not "determined" by conscience. Conscience tells a man when his actions have been lawful or unlawful, but its office is purely admonitory.

—The *Concordiensis*, from Union College, offers a prize of \$25 for the best original Union college song. We mean no disparagement of this excellent journal when we say that this should not be. It should not need to be. College songs, when there have been any, form such a pleasant reminiscence and important *memorandum* of student life as to protest most forcibly against their being neglected. No one remembers his Greek odes or his Latin orations; but few "old boys" allow these little snatches of melody to escape their recollection. Then, too, college songs should effervesce out of college life and reflect the local atmosphere. Our own University is painfully neglected in this respect, a fault for which the students alone are responsible.

—There is a good plea in the December *Portfolio* for "Ethical Training in Colleges and Universities." This article is contributed by an alumnus of Colorado University, and shows rare insight into the moral wants of the age. The writer remarks that our State universities are woefully meagre in moral instruction. It is, however, no easy task to propose a system of moral training that will meet the wants of a large State institution. It would be very unsatisfactory, for instance, to the Christian element of a university to consider moral philosophy from a purely natural standpoint. On the other hand, it would be positively disagreeable to agnostics and infidels to be taught Christian ethics. And yet the State institution is presumed to satisfy all classes. Surely here is an indirect argument against the present public school system.

Books and Periodicals.

—The *Irish-American Almanac* for 1890, published by Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York, is one of the most interesting and valuable of year-books. It is replete with instructive and entertaining articles in prose and verse.

—The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, a "Second Reading Book" which is a model of its kind. A new and highly commendable feature is the series of full-page illustrations specially designed for the cultivation of fluent oral expression.

—*Wide Awake* for January opens with a beautiful poem by Mrs. Cavazza, a Milanese legend,

"The Ballata of the Blackbird," in those days "when blackbirds all were white." Mrs. Kate Upson Clark follows with the true Revolutionary War tale of "Peggy's Bullet"—an exceedingly pretty story it is. Mrs. General Frémont tells a capital story too, in "The 'Deck-hand.'" A remarkably successful fanciful story by Delia Lyman, "Polly's Visit to the Book-Kitchen," has many fantastic pictures by Bridgman, who also furnishes the second of his series, "The Puk-Wudjies," exploits of the Indian brownies. Grace Dean McLeod gives a romantic historical story of early Canada, "An Incident of the Siege of Louisburg"—a folk-tale gathered from the Micmacs. The second chapter of Alexander Black's "Confessions of an Amateur Photographer" is enjoyable reading and has some very taking pictures.

—We have received from James Vick, Rochester, New York, his "Floral Guide," which in beauty of appearance and convenience of arrangement surpasses anything in this line which we have ever had the privilege of seeing before. It is a pamphlet eight by ten inches in size, and with the covers, which are by no means the least important part of it, contains an even one hundred pages. Although called a "Floral Guide," it is devoted to vegetables as well, and includes as full a list and description of both flowers, vegetables and also small fruits as could be brought within the compass of a book of this size. In all that the Vicks have undertaken their aim seems to have been to attain as near to absolute perfection as possible, and probably no one ever did so much towards bringing the cultivation of flowers to the high standard which it has now attained as did the head of this firm. The firm takes the same pride in raising choice vegetables as in developing attractive varieties of flowers, and after using their seeds for a number of years we are able to recommend them in the highest terms. We advise all our readers to send 10 cents for the *Guide*.

Local Items.

- Big snow storm.
- Time for it to come.
- Only one week more.
- Navigation has closed.
- The lower lake is frozen.
- "Who said I was not going to pass?"
- The weather prophet should join McG—.
- At last the Juniors have a "gym" faculty.
- "When the robins come again, Indiana will go."
- Competitions next week in the Commercial Course.
- Indian club swinging is quite popular among the Juniors.
- There will be a meeting of the Philodemics this evening.

—That festive snow plough has made its appearance again.

—J. B. has returned, to the great joy of his numerous admirers.

—The subjects for examination in Criticism have been given out.

—It is reported that the St. Cecilians will banquet next Thursday.

—There is a prospect of skating, boys. Don't despair of everything.

—The band should hurry up and show itself; this suspense is terrible.

—The programme for the Washington Hall entertainment is a large one.

—Winter is rather late in coming into action but "it gets there just the same."

—The Literature classes are reading and analyzing the "Merchant of Venice."

—All chances of bringing "ponies and calves" into class have been frustrated by the present cold spell.

—Prof. Lyman will lecture on "Elocution and Oratory" in Washington Hall on the evening of the 29th inst.

—Who said Indiana weather wasn't changeable? Snow and base-ball within the same twenty-four hours!

—The rowing machine is out, and the "Stroke stroke!" can be heard above the "hand out" of the hand-ball fiend.

—One of the selections which Prof. Lyman will present on the 29th will be from "Hamlet," Act III., Scene IV.

—Old Boreas condescended to call around last Thursday, in company with a nice fall of snow. They are here yet.

—The entertainment by the Elocution class, announced for January 31 in our last issue, has been postponed until February.

—Through the efforts of "The Sorin Hall Vigilance Committee," McG— is allowed to rest in peace at "the bottom of the sea."

—The names of Messrs. T. Crumley and P. Wood have been added to the "Illustration Staff" of the SCHOLASTIC. We have a fine staff of artists now.

—Examinations will begin on the 27th. We were a little premature in announcing the publication of the Boards of Examiners—they will be published next week.

—"May I go to the Infirmary?" said a bright boy, with a small-sized valise in his hand, to the Prefect of Discipline. "What is the matter with you?" "I have the grip."

—Mr. James Clarke Brogan, of New York, is visiting Notre Dame, the guest of Prof. M. F. Egan. Mr. Brogan is a scholar, not only of American, but of European reputation.

—Prof. Lyman will entertain the students in Washington Hall on the 29th inst. No words of praise are needed in this announcement as the

accomplished Professor is too well and favorably known.

—Mr. Henry A. Steis, '87, and Miss Martha Schill were married on the 7th inst., in St. Peter's Church, Winamac, Ind. The many friends of Mr. Steis, at Notre Dame, extend to him and his amiable bride their best wishes for a long and happy life.

—One of our exchanges mourns a typographical error committed by its "intelligent compositor" who made it speak of a certain young lady as "the greatest living *sinner*," when it meant to say "the greatest living *singer*." It is deserving of sympathy.

—Mr. Louis H. Bill, the travelling representative of the Little Giant Bicycle Co., Cleveland, Ohio, spent a few hours at the College last week, visiting his friend, J. S. Hummer, '91. He expressed himself as highly pleased with all he saw. He is always welcome.

—Each day presents fresh proofs of the truth that "where there's a will, there's a way." When one's heart and soul are in the work before him, no obstacle—neither wind, nor rain, nor snow,—can prevent him from *striving* to accomplish that which he has undertaken.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Charles Kerner, Dubuque, Iowa; F. M. McNally, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodley, Cambridge, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Davidson, East Saginaw, Mich., and Mr. Charles Gnewuch, Manistee, Mich., who was visiting his son in the Junior department.

—Our friend John says that the oil tank should be painted in colors to harmonize with the landscape at the present season. Its appearance now, in its varied passages to and fro, is not conducive to continuity of thought, and interferes with the flow of psychical impressions. Wonder if this may be a reason for the dearth of "locals."

—Professor Gregori is now at work on the last of the colossal figures in the allegorical painting which will adorn the interior of the dome. Italian fresco painters from Kansas City will arrive in a few days to decorate the walls and galleries of the Rotunda. When their work is completed the grand dome will be opened permanently.

—The members of the Senior Reading-room Association enjoyed a social reunion last Thursday evening. Lemonade was on tap, cakes and fruit were passed round. Everyone reports a most enjoyable time, and desire that their sincere thanks be tendered Rev. President Walsh for the same. The Elbel Orchestra—said to be the finest in the State—furnished choice music, and added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

—The 16th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening. P. Murphy and C. Fleming were elected members. E. Du Brul read a criticism on the previous meeting, after which L. Monarch gave a declamation. Next came the debate, "Resolved, that Christmas vacation is injurious to

collegiate study." On the affirmative were J. Cosgrove, W. O'Neill, G. O'Brien and R. Healy. On the negative, F. Wile, M. Quinlan, B. Bachrach and M. Hannin. The judges reserved their decision, and the same question will be debated again at the next meeting. The society is now in a flourishing condition.

—On Tuesday last Very Rev. Provincial Corby received a letter from Very Rev. Father Granger, dated Paris, Jan. 1, 1890. Father Granger sends his affectionate regards and best wishes for the new year to the members of the Community and the students at Notre Dame. He makes particular mention of the voyage across the ocean, and from what he says we may judge that it was one of very great fatigue for Very Rev. Father General and himself. On the way over they encountered a terrible storm—one which the captain declared to be the greatest he had met during his long experience on the sea. The passengers were tossed from side to side by the violent motions of the ship, which seemed to be like an empty cask at the mercy of the furious waves. However, Very Rev. Father General and he are now happily safe in Paris, but depend much for their continued safety on the pious prayers which are being said far and wide for their speedy and happy return.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Blessington, H. Brannick Bovett, Burns, Barrett, Burger, Cabanna, Cassin, Cassidy, S. Campbell, G. Cooke, J. Cooke, C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, Clayton, T. Coady, P. Coady, Curtis, Coder, Cosgrove, Dorsey, Delany, Dennis, Davis, Darroch, Jas. Dougherty, Daniels, F. Dela Pena, Jno. Dougherty, Ford, Fehr, J. Flynn, A. Flynn, E. Fleming, Garhas, Galen, Gough, Houlihan, Herman, Healy, Heard, Hackett, B. Hughes, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hayes, Hepburn, Hynes, Jewett, J. S. Johnson, Karasynski, J. King, Keenan, Krembs, F. Kelly, Kohlman, Lancaster, Lesner, Langan, Lane, Lynch, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Louisell, Latson, Mulroney, McGinn, McDonald, McAuliff, McKee, McAlister, McPhee, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, J. McGrath, McConnell, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Neill, O'Shea, Parker, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, F. Prichard, Pyplacz, Paquette, Prudhomme, Quigley, Rebillot, Reynolds, Rothert, W. Roberts, Robinson, J. Sinnott, C. Sanford, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, J. Smith, Sullivan, G. Soden, C. Soden, Scherrer, Seymour, Tivnen, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat, Walsh, Youngerman.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Aarons, Blumenthal, J. Brady, T. T. Brady, T. Brady, W. Brady, Burns, Bruel, Bradley, B. Bates, E. Bates, Barger, Barclay, Bos, Crandall, Coll, Collman, Cunningham, E. Du Brul, Dion, Duitch, Delany, Doig, Dempsey, Des Garennes, Drumm, De Lormier, Elder, J. H. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Field, Gibert, Garrison, Gross, Galen,* Grund, Gnewuch, Howard, O. Hassenfuss, W. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hann, R. Healy, Halthusen, Hague, Hagus, Hannin, Heller, Hoerr, Hooton, Jacobs, Kearney, Keough, Kellner, A. Leonard, Lenard, Lowenstein, Lamberton, Mackey, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, Mainzer, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, Martin, D. Monarch, McCartney, Jos. McPhillips, Jas. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, F. McKee, E. McKee, McIvers, McLeod, McDonald, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockles, O'Brien, Otis, Palmer, Pendleton, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Root, Re-

gan, Roper, Rowsey, Rarig, Riedinger, Spurgeon, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Seerey, Sokup, Snyder, Scherrer, Spalding, Stapleton, Swan, Sutter, Thorn, Turner, Tivnen, Welch, Wile, Weise, Ward, White, Wolff, Weitzel, Wertheimer, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayers, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, T. Burns, Barbour, Browning, Cornell, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, Coquillard, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Eckler, Ezekiel, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, Flynn, G. Funke, Girardin, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, J. Griggs, Grant, C. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, W. Hamilton, Hendry, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, Klaner, King, Kern, Kuehl, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnsberry, C. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, L. Paul, C. Paul, Pellenz, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, Sloan, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vecksby, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Weber, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

St. Michael the Weigher.

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's conscious eyes
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable law.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his fire gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so,
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill,"
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race.
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the wonder of the East.
Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand.
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed.
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that break for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline,
While earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle down.

JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The classes in stenography and book-keeping deserve special mention for their application.

—The Misses C. Dempsey and L. Healy will please accept thanks for favors conferred on the pupils' Infirmary.

—St. Mary's never made any pretensions to style, so will gladly be out of the fashion as far as *la grippe* is concerned.

—A study of blocks by Miss M. Hurff, shows fineness of finish and an artistic touch not found in work of the majority of art students.

—The regular catechetical instructions, interrupted by the holidays, were resumed on Sunday last by Rev. Father Walsh, whose every word commands attention.

—The Minims have several new games for their recreation hours, and their merry voices tell of happy hearts. This interesting department received an addition last week in the person of little Helen Girsch.

—The classes in theoretical music, to which much importance is attached at St. Mary's, show a gratifying interest in this useful branch of the art of music. The examination of some of the classes took place on Saturday last.

—The Music examinations have already begun, and the beginners in the art have passed the ordeal of "exercises," which, viewed in the retrospect does not bear a resemblance to what their fancy had pictured when the examination was of the future.

—The tidings from across the Atlantic that our Very Rev. Father General is well brings joy to all. Our Father is missed everywhere—from Sunday points, from the chapel and from Loreto; especially is his absence felt by the Children of Mary, who were wont to hear his instructions each Monday morning. May Our Blessed Mother, guide of travellers, bring him safe home!

—Elocution, as very often taught, is a grievance worthy an extra amendment in the Constitution of the United States; but, taught properly, is a source of enjoyment and improvement. This is recognized by those now taking the course; the class numbers about forty eager students, whom it is a pleasure to teach. Special attention is given to articulation, emphasis and expression, and the interest manifested by each member of the class is most praiseworthy.

—The art of composition, ordinarily the bugbear of school-life, is one of the most important branches of a young lady's education; this is fully realized at St. Mary's where close attention is given to all that pertains to literature. Weekly exercises in essay writing, criticisms, debates, etc., keep the interest of all ex-

cited, and many of the productions of even the Preparatory classes possess merit and give promise of creditable work in the years to come.

—In this age of letter-writing, there are few good letter-writers; haste, carelessness, flippancy, are the characteristics of most of the letters sent out by the young people of to-day. At boarding-school, or at least at St. Mary's, the rule requires each pupil to write home once a week, and as special attention is paid to this branch of education, every opportunity is afforded to secure progress in this accomplishment. Even the Minims show a marked improvement in their letters, and the printed, blotted documents of September have been superseded by neatly written epistles that must carry joy to dear ones at home. From little Nellie Finerty, who sends her letters to Europe where her father is travelling, and our little Marie who need direct her notes only to "The Lilacs," Notre Dame, to the dignified "graduates," no class is of more moment than that of letter-writing on Wednesday morning.

Kind Judgments.

Father Faber in one of his conferences tells us that the habit of not judging others is one which it is very difficult to acquire. As this is true, and as we summon all who come within reach of our knowledge to appear before the bar of our mental court of justice, let us, at least, be merciful judges. A kindly interpretation upon a line of action which seems wrong supposes a kind heart—from which fact we are led to believe that there are not many hearts blessed with kindness; for, most of the judgments one hears are adverse. Sad to say, even our friends do we judge harshly. John Boyle O'Reilly has given us these pathetic words, applicable to our subject:

"He smiled upon my censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until, at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone."

None are so constituted as to be proof against unkind judgments. The heart may grow hardened, or it may soften by grace, to bear all things, but it is hard to know that best actions are imputed to wrong motives, and that those we call our companions, our friends, are those who judge us most unkindly. Let us take an illustration from school-life. A group of girls discuss a classmate; are they kind? Do they tell of her excellencies of character, her good points? A companion receives a high note, is elected officer of a society, meets with some honorable mention,—what is the result? Who thinks that she did not seek the honor conferred,

and coveted not the office? No, the critic feels defrauded of every good another receives, and poisons with insidious remarks any little happiness that might accrue from honors bestowed.

Should the valley envy the sun-kissed mountain peak? God placed the mountain and the valley; He also traced the course of the sun. Envy is the goad that forces the unkind heart to ruin the peace of all around by expressions hurtful to the reputation of others; pride is the source of the displeasure felt at another's success, and is the power that inspires the lips to utter disparaging observations regarding those envied. No opportunity is neglected to state grievances, and to bring contempt on the innocent cause of such disquietude.

Some excuse themselves by saying: "I can't help listening, but I don't join in such talk." Perhaps you do not add your quota to the unkind remarks, but do you try to check the speaker? However, words are useless—the fault-finder lives and will live. No one so high, no one so lowly, but he is summoned to the tribunal of judgment where sentence is passed.

No Portia is there in the critic's faculties to plead the cause of him thus cited; and woe to him who places his hope of mercy in him who judges! Those who find themselves in youth with a tendency to pass unkind judgments should strive and pray to overcome it. It will in time chain you fast in the bonds of habit, and will make you feared and despised by all.

Some bitterness there is in each life; why add to it by our want of kindness? Let us rather take to heart the lesson contained in these lines:

"Each others' burdens bear,
And thou shalt surely share
A home above;
From every deed refrain
That might give others pain,
And naught shall there remain
But perfect love.

"'Tis well we may not know
How deep the weight of woe
Which others bear;
But shouldst thou wish to bless
Each heart that's in distress
And soothe its bitterness,
Bear and forbear."

—From 3d Senior Class Paper.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ash, Ansbach, Bates, Balch, Bogner, Bero, Butler, Cunningham, Coll, Cooper, Currier, Calderwood, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Deutch, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Donahue, Ernest, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fosdick, Farwell, Green, Ganong, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, Hale, Hull, Haight, Hepburn, Hughes, Jungblut, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, G. Lauth, Lewis, Leavick, McFarland, Moore, Morse, McLoud, M. McPhee, McCarthy, M. McHugh, Murison, S. McPhee, Maher, McCune, Mullaney, Marley, Nickel, Norris, O'Brien, Otis, Pyle, Penburthy, Pendleton, Pugsley, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Rinehart, Rentfrow, Regan, Reilly, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Schiltz, Schaefer, Skancke, Smith, Shrock, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Tormey, Thirds, Van Mourick, Violette.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, M. Burns, E. Burns, Black, Cooper, M. Culp, M. Davis, Dreyer, B. Davis, Ernest, Evoy, Hickey, Holmes, Levy, Mabbs, N. McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, A. O'Mara, Palmer, Patrick, Pellinz, Phillion, E. Quealy, E. Regan, Reeves, Robbins, Scherrer, M. Smyth, Sweeney, Tormey, Wagner, Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, M. Egan, Finnerty, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, L. McHugh, McCarthy, M. McHugh, C. Porteous, N. Smyth, S. Smyth.

To the Catholic Women of America.

The World's Fair of 1892 will take place in the United States to commemorate the discovery of America. That the part taken by woman in this discovery shall be more widely known and properly appreciated, the Queen Isabella Association was duly incorporated on the 17th day of August, 1889, in accordance with the laws of the State of Illinois. In pursuance of this object the Association will erect a statue of Isabella of Castile, to be unveiled at the Fair, and in recognition of woman's success in art has engaged Harriet Hosmer, the renowned sculptor, to execute the work. The Association will also erect the Isabella pavilion, in which will be a department for the exposition of articles commemorative of Isabella and the discovery of America. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the gifted and popular author, has written and dedicated to the association a history entitled "Isabella of Castile," published by C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago. How well this work appeals to the Catholic women of America may be seen from the following address of the author:

"While Isabella of Castile belongs to the world by right of the natural nobility of her womanhood and the splendor of her achievements, as well as the magnanimity of her motives, there is a sense in which she may be called the glory of Catholic women above all others; since we claim that her natural virtues were re-enforced by her religious faith and the practice of its sublime precepts.

"For this reason it has seemed fitting to address the Catholic women of America in a special manner, thus giving them an opportunity to present an enduring expression of their admiration on this centenary of the discovery of our country, when the honor paid to Columbus cannot be complete without honoring Isabella.

"After the women of the Sacred Scriptures and the canonized saints, there is no one to whom we can point with more satisfaction as an example to our daughters, or those confided to our care, than to Isabella, for her heroic sense of honor and her fidelity to it; her devoted affection for her family, and her solicitude for their best interests; her love for her country, Castile, its institutions and traditions; her indefatigable labors for its people committed to her governance; all crowned by her enthusiasm for the things which belong to God; and thus providing an antidote to the worldly views, the selfish policy, which dwarf the life of the individual as well as the history of nations.

"Let us then, Catholic women of America, whether under the sacred protection of the cloister or sheltered by the blooming hedgeways of family and friends, or treading, with unfaltering courage, the dusty ways of labor in the world, welcome this ideal woman, Isabella of Castile, who comes forth to us, after four hundred years, in all the freshness and vigor of a fame which can never be otherwise than perennial; founded, as this world-wide fame is, upon what would aggrandize the humblest station as it has the most exalted, her habitual consideration of the soul in its relations to God and to eternity.

"ELIZA ALLEN STARR."